

Latin School

WINTER ISSUE

REGISTER



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INC.



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of the
Class of 1955



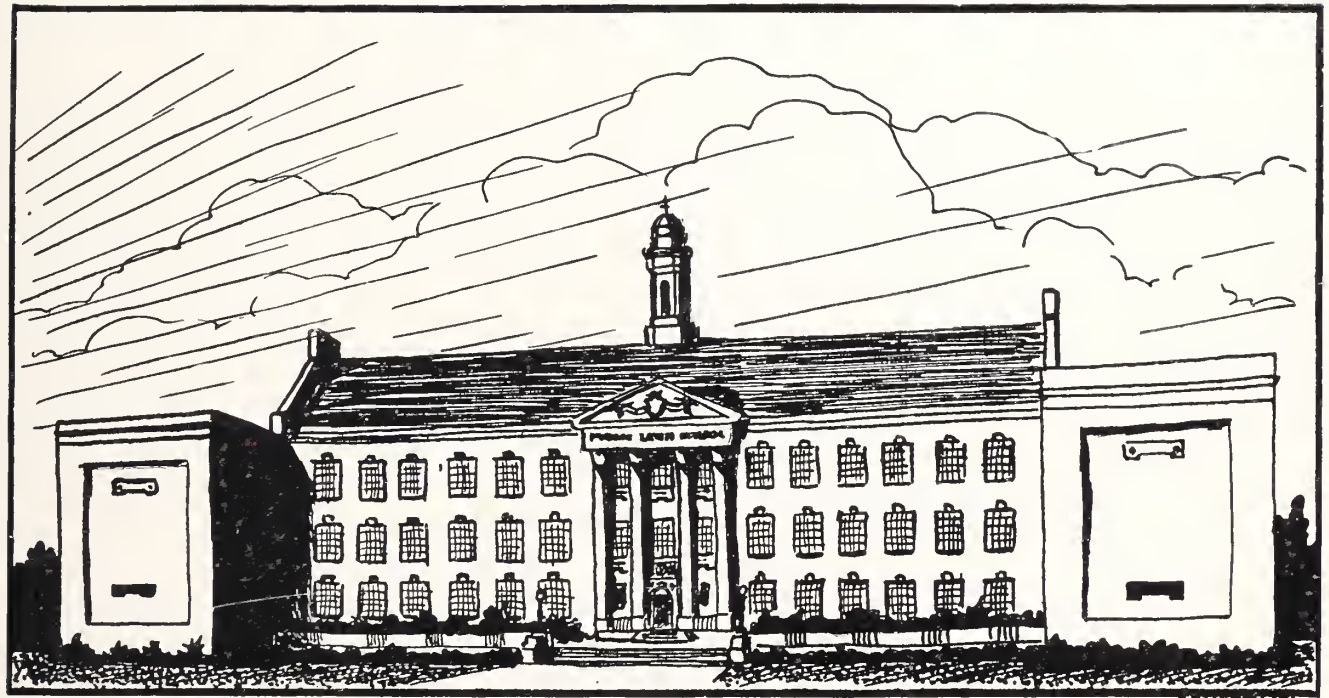
WASHINGTON STREET - BOSTON

Medalist



Award

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



Winter Issue

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Noster Novus Praeceptor

ROBERT LISS '55 AND NORMAN PATZ '55



B. L. S. '19
Master '29-'44

Head of Department
'49-'52
Headmaster—'54

IT is always a pleasure to welcome a new headmaster to a school; but when an old friend returns, we feel a greater sense of pride. Not only is Mr. John J. Doyle our new headmaster; but as a graduate and a former teacher at Latin School, he has become a symbol of the great tradition which is ours.

Upon graduation from Boston Latin School in 1912, Mr. Doyle entered Boston College, where he received degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts. He did his graduate work at Boston Teachers College, earning his degree of Master of Education there. With the declaration of war in 1917, Mr. Doyle joined the United States Army and served for two years. After the Armistice he returned to civilian life.

He began his teaching career at Mechanical Arts High School in 1920 and two years later was appointed to the mathematics department at Hyde Park High School and then to Latin School, where he taught from 1929-1944. During his years at B.L.S., Mr. Doyle earned the respect of his colleagues and the admiration of his students.

Mr. Doyle continued his advancement. In 1944 he became Head of the Mathematics Department at Boston Technical High School ('42-'49); then, at Latin School from

1949-1952. He assumed the Headmastership of East Boston High School in 1952 and, upon the retirement of Mr. McKim in 1954, returned to his Alma Mater.

Mr. Doyle is married and has two sons, both of whom were graduated from B.L.S. and are presently serving in the Armed Services.

The massive shoulders which now bear the responsibilities of our school once posed as a threat on the B.C. football field. Active not only in intramural sports, he was a member of the Debating Society and recipient of many prizes. When asked about his hobbies, Mr. Doyle chuckled and answered, "I'm still good enough to beat Lee Dunn at bowling!" A former golfer, he is now an ardent bridge fan.

"It's great to be back home," he said, commenting upon his return. For advice, he offered this suggestion: "Latin School boys should realize the fine opportunities open to them when they show the right spirit of cooperation."

On behalf of the students and the faculty, we of the *Register* staff offer our heartiest congratulations and good wishes to Mr. Doyle, and we are sure he will spend many happy years at Latin School.

The Secret of the Locker

A. H. MARTIN '56

AFTER revealing to the world the secret of the bookbag, I have decided, with even greater personal danger to myself¹, to go after Seniors² rather than mere Sixies.³ Already, however, I am faced with a serious problem. First classmen⁴ are very careful⁵ with their material, since the average Senior has to spend most of his money on essentials⁶ and therefore has very little left for trivia.⁷

One lucky day, when I was walking through the dark⁸ corridors of the third floor, I perceived that no one was in view.⁹ Maybe the fact that it was 7:15 A.M.¹⁰ had something to do with it. Suddenly I saw a locker with a key still in the lock. I quickly flung open the door¹¹; and, seizing the first book I saw, I read on the nameplate¹² that it belonged to one "onesie."¹³ This fact established, I began to rummage through the locker. I made notes, which I am reproducing here, of the contents:

1. A conglomeration¹⁴ of typical Class one books.¹⁵

2. A complete set of paper volumes by the author of "I, the Jury."¹⁶

3. An autographed copy of "The First man's Guide."¹⁷

4. A pile of "super-space" bubble-gum wrappers.¹⁸

5. A pair of dirty white bucks.¹⁹

6. An autographed picture of "The Chief" posed with an Aardvark.²⁰

7. The latest report on vacancies in the nearest poorhouse.²¹

8. A book entitled "How to use a Slide Rule in One Easy Lesson and 221 Hard Ones."²²

All this, however, is superfluous²³ compared with the startling²⁴ news I have to announce. After depositing all the aforementioned trash on the floor, I found that the bottom of the locker was removable²⁵; and lo and behold! I found myself staring into the long-lost secret passageway to Scheff's!²⁶ Before I had a chance to investigate, I heard someone coming.²⁷ I promptly threw all the "junk" back with as little noise as possible²⁸; put the locker door back on; and a short time later²⁹, work completed, stole silently away.

I am now faced with an even greater problem³⁰: I neglected to look at the number of that locker. If anyone has information concerning this matter, write to

Firschlugginer Detective Co.

Ookaballawonga, North Oshwash

— NOTES —

¹ After all, Class One boys are bigger than Sixies.

² I couldn't call them "Onesies," could I? Well, could I?

³ All right! Take the knife away. I meant mere Sixth Classmen.

⁴ See Number 2.

⁵ Or is "stingy" the word?

⁶ Class dances, lunches at Scheff's, class rings, etc.

⁷ Pens, notebooks, translation books, etc.

⁸ Dark isn't the word. The last light in that corridor disappeared when the school was built.

⁹ Elementary, my dear Watson. (Not you, Don!) I just didn't see nobody.

¹⁰ I like to get to school early.

¹¹ Which promptly fell off.

¹² Which we shall give as Myron M. (for Melvin) Nodough, since that's not the name.

¹³ I couldn't resist the temptation.

¹⁴ Good word, huh?

¹⁵ About 106, or some measly amount thereabouts.

¹⁶ If you don't know who, I'm not telling.

¹⁷ How should I know who wrote it?

¹⁸ Offering Marilyn Monroe for only 50,000 wrappers and \$30,000 in cash.

¹⁹ Mmmmm, Boy! Were they dirty!

²⁰ Of course.

²¹ You'd be surprised how many unfortunate B.L.S. Seniors wind up there.

²² My! Look at all the pretty cobwebs.

²³ You're tellin' me!

²⁴ Fooled you that time.

²⁵ So I removed it. Simple, n'est ce pas?

²⁶ Now known as Scheff's.

²⁷ So get back to the story already.

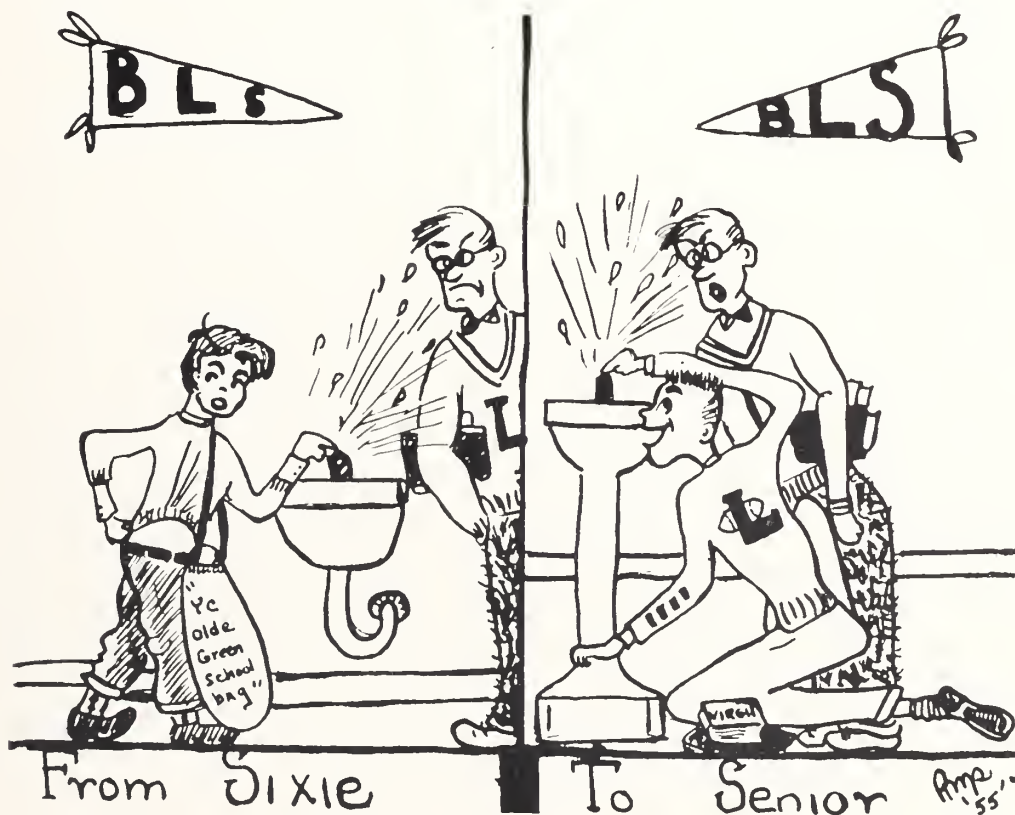
²⁸ As little noise as possible? Ha! I hear tell that I broke thirteen bottles of chemicals in the Lab when I dropped that set of books.

²⁹ I just made the 8: 25. You figure it out.

³⁰ So who had a problem in the first place?

The Senior and the Sixie

FRANKLIN KRAUSE, '55



EVERY high school in this country of ours harbors an unusual group of beings, commonly known as Seniors. It is impossible to discuss them all; but so that the reader may understand my meaning, I will discuss the Senior in terms of our own B.L.S. class of '55.

As most of the "better" boys at Latin School know, the senior year is the "key" year. The Senior is either an old child or a young man, depending on whether you take the point of view of his parents or of the student himself. He is attracted to the opposite sex; bothered by his parents and teachers; and, above all, utterly confused. He hates neckties and examinations, but loves the respect given him unwittingly by naïve lower classmen. Perhaps the one thing that the Senior knows is that he knows nothing.

Perhaps the one word synonymous with the Senior year is "Boards." His every moment is occupied thinking of the fateful day in March when he will be subjected to this ordeal of tests. His garrulous teachers gleefully add to his misery. Every statement that they make is prefaced by this remark: "Listen carefully, because this very question appeared in the 18- aptitude test." I shall not add further to the Senior's misery.

The Senior, of course, has many dubious distinctions. He is more hunched, more blind, and much paler than the Lower Classmen. Also, after years of Phys-Ed, he can romp around the yard without purple Latin School shorts. In military drill, he can wreak his vengeance on young men with two left feet by ordering them to face the rear, if they can find it. And lastly, he has the privi-

lege of missing useless study periods to hear representatives from various colleges and to attend special classes during home-room periods.

As these dauntless individuals parade over to Barney Scheff's each afternoon, they leave behind them a void, if nothing else. After all, they are the Seniors.

THE Sixie is, in reality, a delightful combination of youth, simplicity, and a desire to learn. This last attribute may be somewhat obscured by the first two; but, nevertheless, it is there. In addition, the Sixie possesses the ingenuity of an Edison, the reflexes of a tiger, and the daring and recklessness of the youngsters they really are. The Sixie is, so they tell him at Latin School, the cream of the crop, the élite of his group, at the turning-point in his education. He is laughed at by his classmates, tolerated by his teachers, and scorned by Upper Classmen who seem to have forgotten that they were once Sixies, too. Nevertheless, the Sixie continues to be a tradition, a living reminder to every person who has attended Latin School, of the days when he too carried a green bag and dog-eared books.

Let us probe further into the workings of a Sixie. First of all, as the Sixie enters the Latin School and is overwhelmed by speeches of masters, he is determined to make good at this Mecca of education. As time passes,

however, he soon "learns the ropes" (usually after three weeks) and changes from a devoted student into a sadistic menace. He girds himself for battle against teachers with many weapons. Among these are a book-bag (to conceal his water-pistol and slingshot), a ruler, elastics, and a generous supply of math paper, to be used for aircraft and moisture missiles. The battleground is frequently a study-hall, where an unsuspecting master sits doing a crossword puzzle and/or looking at the ceiling. Suddenly all fury breaks loose, as voices and the tinkle of broken glass shatter the once tranquil atmosphere. Enough for the study-hall!

The Sixie is an embryonic athlete, who plays ball in the yard, come rain or shine; is never late to a gym class; but never seems to be able to get to a recitation room before the bell rings. He will almost break his neck catapulting down to the lunchroom, but will not buy milk or lunch; he just sits down and watches his schoolmates file in.

He is the scourge of the schoolyard, the terror of the locker-room, the ruler supreme in the small gymnasium. He screams, yells, yammers, shouts, and runs; but nobody seems to mind. Whenever a Latin School graduate is asked why Latin is the top school in its class, with a wave of his finger and a clear, unwavering voice, he will unhesitatingly say, "The reason is that Latin School alone has the Sixie."

Out of the Fog

RICHARD H. ALBERT, '57

At sea the fog, a silent phantom, comes;
The drifting mist obscures the distant shore.
The land and sea and sky are seen no more;
The world a ghostly, gloomy place becomes.
I get a strange dull feeling now at sea:
So thick the void above; so deep, below!
Suspended here in time's eternal flow,
No thing is in the world but mist and me.
Alone, I can forget all earthly woe;
Alone, I can forego all daily strife,
At peace, I am contented with my lot.
The fog recedes; then comes a fiery glow,
I see the world return to throbbing life;
I thank the Lord for marvels He has wrought.

My Thirty-Six Men

ROBERT LISS, '55

THIS summary is written as a tribute to the men and machines (the slave-driving officers) of the fifth company of the Second Regiment. It is hoped that through this effort, a better understanding of the utter hopelessness that faces the officers of this unit will be attained. While the characters in this story are the proud possessions of the Fifth Company, it is conceded that similar examples may be found within the Second Regiment.

Every military unit has a mission. It is the mission of the Fifth Company to win first prize in the competition among the companies of the Second Regiment. The reader is advised, now that he has scanned the preceding statement, to forget it completely; for, as he reads on, he will realize the utter impossibility that such an event will ever happen.

Perhaps we should start with the First Platoon. This unit is often called the "goon platoon," because of the individualistic cadets in its ranks. The sergeant is a round, jovial sort of chap, who has been given the nickname of "Happy Boy." He has a remarkable affinity for executing left flanks with great precision and accuracy. His one fallacy is that most of these brilliant maneuvers are executed upon the command "by the RIGHT flank."

He does not bask alone in the limelight of magnificent achievements. Three other cadets have earned the right to belong to the "goon platoon." These squad leaders, men of staunch courage and individuality, complete the non-commissioned officers of the First Platoon. Because they have attended Latin school for many years, their leadership is at its peak. Therefore, when a command of "To the rear, march" is given, the squad leaders do not let the opportunity to display their individuality pass. Each squad goes its own way, and the company becomes as confused as an unprepared student translating Vergil at sight. The puzzling thing is, however, that each time the company assembles

after this command, we are facing Simmons, usually during an archery or golf class. (These kids aren't so dumb, after all!)

We have a boy with two left feet, a student who will perform commands only when given in Latin, and a conscientious objector who refuses to carry a rifle.

The second platoon is made up of the smaller boys or, as a former drill instructor used to call them, "half-pints." Their size has nothing to do with the way they march, however, because, in spite of the small stature, they well match their First Platoon friends in the inability to do anything right.

The problem with the Second Platoon can be boiled down to two points. They cannot march, and they know nothing about the manual of arms. Excluding these two features, however, they do everything else perfectly. (You would be amazed at the speed that the Drill Hall empties after the command of "Dismissed" has been given.)

When marching in column, the Second Platoon is usually about fifteen paces behind the First. The IDR (Infantry Drill Regulations) manual, which is the Captain's "Bible," states "that a distance no greater or no less than three paces should be maintained between platoons." It is the general consensus of opinion among the cadets of the Fifth Company that, since this book was written in 1942, it is obsolete. The result is that in order to communicate between the two platoons of the Company (although it really isn't necessary to tell the Second Platoon what the rest of the company is doing because they'll "foul up" anyhow) we use a wireless device.

As bad as they may be in the Drill Hall, the "men of the Fightin' Fifth" shine in the military science classes. Those who aren't asleep continue to display their vast intelligence. For example, after the First Lieutenant had delivered a rather uninteresting talk on the breakdown of the infantry division, he asked if there were any questions.

To the amazement of the Senior officers, who were sitting at the back of the Hall, three boys raised their hands. While the Captain was priding himself on the interest that his company took in the subject, the questions were asked. They were as follows:

- a) Sir, may I please go to the basement?
- b) Lieutenant, do you have change for a quarter?
- c) What time is this period over?

Needless to say, a military tribunal found the three guilty, and their execution by a firing squad was held the following morning

in the basement. I could continue to portray this picture "of a crack military outfit," but we are moving out. A directive from Headquarters has just been received. It seems that enemy forces have moved in across the street; and the Fifth Company, along with several others, is being deployed along Louis Pasteur Avenue as a security measure.

If you have any further questions about "the Fightin' Fifth," you should send all inquiries to the Officers of the Fifth Company, Second Regiment, c/o A.P.O. 112, or the Psychiatric Ward of the Veterans' Hospital. Detail, dismissed!

The Popularity of Latin

FRANKLIN D. KRAUSE, '55

THE history of the Latin language reaches back to ancient Roman civilization, where it was so popular — believe it or not — that it was their every-day speech. Perhaps outside of subduing the peaceful inhabitants of Thither Gaul, the chief accomplishment of the Roman people was speaking their own tongue correctly.

This popularity lasted through the centuries separating the Latin student of today from the Roman of Caesar's time. In our own school, two thousand students share the privilege of learning Latin from the very men who have spent lifetimes learning the literary habits of Caesar, Cicero, Ovid, and Vergil. For instance, one such man can give you exactly the number of times Cicero, in his Third Oration, uses the rhetorical question to express impossibility.

The Roman writer of prose is free to use any form that he wishes, leaving his successors to wonder why. For instance, if a subjunctive form is used, the Latin student is expected to know why, even though he knows not and cares less.

The most wily of all Latin writers of po-

etry is Ovid. This man, having obtained a poetic license at a cut rate, takes great delight in concealing parts of a thought necessary for good translation. The verbs can usually be found hiding behind a preposition, which lies three lines below; and, since the preposition needs an object, of course, another gay search is begun to locate it. Book-dealers in Greater Boston seem to sense when the Ovid season is open at Latin School, and the price of translation books rises considerably. Trade-ins on current Cicero models are nonexistent.

Another reason for the "popularity" is the fact that, after studying Latin for five years, a student cannot even say, "My name is John Doe." After four more years in college, his speaking ability is limited to "Who is consul this year?" or "Marcus killed the Gaul with the long, bloody spear."

Even now, as I conclude this paper, I can almost hear my Cicero text beckoning to me to struggle another hour to conclude my assignment. It is with tearful eyes that I drop my pen and slowly trudge off to another session with this most popular of all languages.

“Trick or Treat”

A. H. MARTIN, '56

HALLOWE'EN — the night of hobgoblins, witches, and black cats; of broomsticks and haunts; of skeletons and wild Indians and pirates — had arrived. Children in weird costumes whisked like wraiths through the dark streets. Doorbells rang, some mysteriously stuck with pins to make them continue their ringing. Shrill cries of “Trick or treat?” assailed many a tired ear. Packets of goodies passed from large hands to grubby, greedy, little ones. Promptly the tiny gluttons ran away to haunt another victim.

A group approached a darkened doorway; one youngster pressed his finger on the bell; it rang long and persistently. For a short time no sound came from the apartment at the top of the stairs; then a window banged open, and a gruff masculine voice growled, “Hey, you kids! Get away from here. Go away, or I'll call the police. Do you hear me? Go away!”

The children shrugged philosophically and pattered away, perhaps just a little more quickly than usual. One of them, however, could be heard saying, “Gee, what an old grouch! Who does he think he is, anyway? The old spoilsport!”

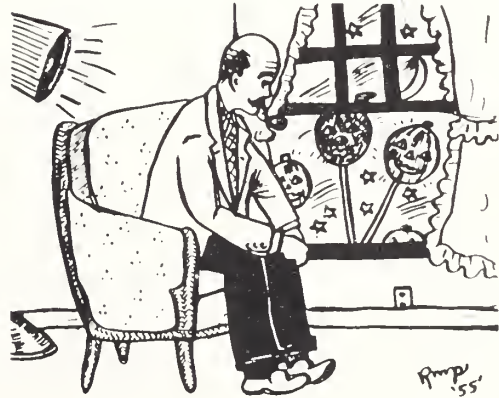
Andrew Leehan walked slowly away from his window. He sat down in an old rocker, put his white head between his hands, and began to sob. His thoughts drifted back — back to the previous Hallowe'en.

* * * *

“Andy,” his wife was saying, “do you know that tonight is Hallowe'en? I'm preparing some bags for the children — candy, nuts, and fruits. Just so I'll be ready for the little darlings.”

Andy laughed. “Be careful, Nora; or you'll find yourself back in the hospital. I wouldn't want that to happen. After all, you've only been home for a week. Oh, by the way, I've got to go out for a short while. I have to pay back the money I owe Barney. Take it easy while I'm gone, okay?”

Mrs. Leehan smiled. “The children will keep me busy, I'm afraid; but I enjoy giving them something. The children are sweet . . . and we never had any of our own . . .” she



sighed. “No children at all of our own.”

Andy grimaced and whispered, “Take it easy. Don't be running up and down those stairs too much.” And with that, he kissed his wife, left the apartment, and pounded down the stairs to the street. As he walked along, he thought, sadly, how much his wife had wanted children. This last operation had settled that problem permanently. She had gotten home from the hospital only a short week before still weak and unsteady. Andy hoped that she wouldn't exert herself too much; but then, the “trick or treat” routine would do her good. No doubt she would have quite a bit to tell him about the children: how they were costumed and masked and how sweet they were. A smile creased the man's features as he walked rapidly along.

As he approached the house an hour later, he noticed three children run quickly from the front door. He watched them quizzically, then shrugged his shoulders and walked in. There, lying on the step, lay three bags of goodies, apparently the children's generous “haul.” “Now, why,” he wondered, “would those kids leave the bags of candy?”

The door was open a fraction of an inch. He swung it open and stood — dumbstruck; for there, on the bottom steps, lay the body of his wife. She was twisted ridiculously like a rag doll, and in her hand were three small packages which had ripped. Their contents

were strewn all the way down — apples, chocolates, nuts, and hard candy. Suddenly he realized what must have happened. He pictured the children in their weird costumes, ringing the bell; his wife happily picking up the packages and starting down the stairs; her heel catching on a step, her inevitable fall . . .

Andy rushed upstairs to the phone. He dialed the police and demanded an ambulance. When he had made sure that they had the right address, he rushed back to his wife to see if she was badly hurt. No sound came from her lips — her eyes were closed. "She's dead!" He thought wildly. "But no! That can't be; she *can't* be dead! She *can't*!"

When the ambulance arrived, the doctors found Andy hugging his wife's body close to him and chanting, "She can't, she can't . . ." Over and over again, in a dreary monotone. When he saw them, he shouted, "Hurry, hurry; get her to the hospital."

One of the attendants bent over her. In a few minutes, he looked up slowly, and said, "This lady doesn't need an ambulance, Mister."

"No," shouted Andy, "she can't be dead. You're lying! You're lying!" The doctor had to give him a sedative.

* * * *

These events had all happened just a year ago. Now Andy sat in his rocker, thinking sadly that if it hadn't been for the children, his wife would still be alive. How he hated the little fiends, innocent and yet guilty.

He was brought back to reality by the harsh ringing of the doorbell. He walked over to the window and glanced down. A small group of children stood outside his door, waiting patiently. He flung open the window. "Hey, you kids! Get away from here . . ."

An Exercise Without Plot

STEPHEN L. KLAS, '55

A rotted splinter from the wet oak door was stuck in the ball of my thumb. Evidently it had become lodged there when I closed the door behind me. You see, it had stopped raining (it had been raining since six o'clock in the morning), and I love to walk in the streets in the fall when the rain, the wind, and leaves carry me to the place where I can formulate my own thoughts.

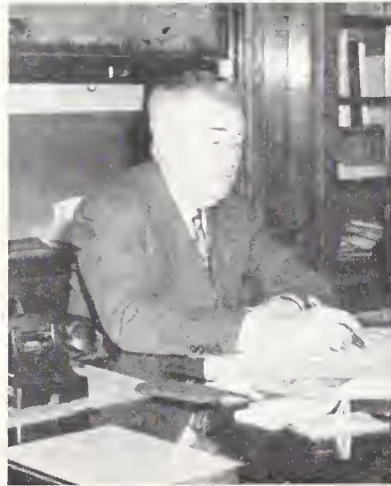
Look at the uniform, rectangular windows all the way down the steep little street, all reflecting the distorted, elongated images of the half-bare elm trees. Those leaves still hanging will be down by morning (the weather forecast says heavy winds for tonight). Soon they will be scraping the sidewalk. My shoes and yours will be crunching against them in the dry, blustering days and sliding over them in the cold, musty rains. And they will not look pretty any more.

A rivulet of rain-water is running against and hugging the curbstone. It is trying to reach the sewer, but it is clogged. Now a pool is forming, with dirty leaves — leaves of red and yellow and rust and dirty-brown — floating on top.

I look up and see the gray of the sky. It is all one big cloud, the sky — the backdrop of the city, uniform in its color and mood. Or is the city a backdrop for the beautiful expanse of cloud which controls its mood? I don't know the answer; but I wish I did, so that I could tell all the people that it was so; that the sky is bigger than any bankbook, any Cadillac car with chrome initials, any golden trophy with letters stenciled neat and black; that it is taller than an Empire State Building, wider than a New York Throughway, deeper than the darkest, dankest, blackest coal-mine; that civilization might end and the most horrifying scandals about the most horrifying people might break, but the sky would go on casting sunlight or pouring rain, bursting forth sunsets or prodding forth dawns; that shackles might —

I pulled the splinter from my hand, wiped it away on my raincoat, and walked back into the hallway. I had to secure that merger with U. S. Aluminum before Consolidated A & T got there first; and by the gods, I had to stop it fast!

In Memoriam



A tribute to a sincere gentleman, Mr. Martin Kane, our late beloved Guidance Counselor, who, by his example of quiet, good-humored, efficient devotion to his duties, endeared himself to pupils, parents, and fellow-teachers.

Patient, understanding, and sympathetic, especially to the hundreds of boys fortunate enough to have come under his gentle guidance, he has bequeathed to us unforgettable memories of a friend, loyal and true to the sacred traditions of Boston Latin School. Because he loved his profession, because he was deeply interested in the welfare of the students, and because he gave unstintingly of himself to us, he has left the indelible imprint of his kindly personality upon us all. To the long roster of masters who have distinguished themselves as good and faithful servants of the Boston Latin School, we proudly add the name of Martin Kane.

Requiescat In Pace

Our History

WILLIAM F. SEEGRABER, '56

SEGMENT of a Military Dispatch: "The U.F.O., being traced on our radar screen, vanished before our interceptors could be airborne. It suddenly faded from sight over Boston at 6:31 A.M."

Article appearing in a Boston newspaper: "A mysterious object, believed to be a flying saucer, was seen by passengers on a train approaching Boston this morning. Reports concerning the object annoyed the police all morning. The Air Force says the viewers must have been influenced by mass hysteria."

* * * *

Report of Senior Scout Zanph to Commander Kartov. Sent from Sector 12 E:

At about 6:15 quands, owing to power failure, I was forced to land near the city of Boston, in the land area called the United States of America (see enclosed Map #756B). After examining the power plant, I discovered my supply of Kamen had been exhausted. This accident was caused by my forgetting to check the power plant before the start. I knew I could do only one thing — seek a supply of Kamen on Earth — since the power failure had shorted my transaphone.

I tested the air and discovered it suitable to our bodies, although it contains much oxygen. The gravitational pull is stronger than ours, but may be overcome by inserting magnolectrics in one's side. I turned on the scanner and discovered I had landed in a field with an abundant growth of a green weed. The scanner singled out an Earthman in a small vehicle, which seemed to be powered by an explosive fuel, called gasoline. (The Earthmen bear a close resemblance to us, although they are taller and have stronger limbs. Their lungs are not so huge as ours because of the abundance of oxygen, which causes their lungs to be smaller.) I turned on the memoratainer and tapped his mind.

In about a quand, I had completed the few changes required on my body with plastics. The matter converter had created clothing and the means of currency used on this planet. When I swung open the hatch, I was amazed at the moisture in the air and the abundance of oxygen. The ground, too, was moist, and it was springy and yielding —

completely different from the dry, hard surface of our planet.

I walked with a quick step, owing to the magnolectrics in my side. As I sensed a settlement about two miles away, I knew I could get some Kamen. Approaching the town, I heard a noise behind me. I spun around, with my hand on my pistol; but I saw only a small, domesticated animal — a dog. I was about to send it away, when I noticed the appealing look in its eyes. I could not send a look like that away; so I let him follow me.

As the store I entered did not carry chemicals, the clerk told me to try various supply houses in Boston. I left the dog behind and started for the city. I reached the heart of the city by means of a complicated transportation system, called the M.T.A. First, I boarded a rubber-wheeled, electric-powered vehicle — called a trackless trolley; and then I transferred to an elevated train, also powered by electricity. The city is huge, with towers of tremendous height and buildings of concrete, stone, and steel. For a city of that size, however, it was poorly laid out. Its streets were narrow and twisting; and its offices, shopping centers, and living quarters were scattered. The inhabitants rely upon food imported from surrounding areas of the United States. The population of Boston is almost as great as that of our five greatest cities.

The inhabitants, as a whole, seem to think more of accumulating currency than of improving the lot of their fellow-man. They are easily led. They take their government for granted, although it is one of the most complex of the planet. They are prejudiced against many things, and they still retain much evidence of barbaric ancestry.

I spent one day searching for Kamen before I realized it had not been discovered on this planet. I decided, therefore, to learn the ways of the planet which would necessarily be my home for the rest of my lifetime. I went to their library and used my scanner. In two days I had read every book that it contained.

Suddenly I knew I had the answer. On the planet Earth the name is not Kamen, but *acetylsalicylic acid*, which may be obtained in

any drugstore by asking for *aspirin*. I bought a number of bottles until I knew that I had more than enough. As the stuff is very cheap on Earth, I decided to acquire enough for a lifetime of space flight.

I returned to the ship, with the dog following at my heels. Recognizing him as my only true friend, I decided to give him a gift. As I had no luxuries aboard the ship, all I could do was use the longometer to increase his life-span. Immediately I blasted off to return to space.

Enclosed you will find various other tapes with my findings on the history and development of the planet Earth.

* * * *

ZANPH, SENIOR SCOUT

"You see, students, when Zanph blasted off the force created by the exhaust, he formed a force field which, when it met the dog's body, caused him to become the first mutation of our line. You should all be thankful

that Zanph gave the gift of longer life to the dog.

"The point I am trying to make is that the longer life-span has passed through the centuries to us by means of our ancestors and their ancestors until they reach back to Zanph's only friend on earth. Thank you for your attention; class dismissed."

* * * *

The students ran from the Educational Center, past the Manufacturing Center, and the Amusement Center to reach the Historic Center containing Zanph's original message, taken during the defeat of Mars. They crowded around a window to look in at the creature on display, which had been discovered in a jungle region in French Guiana. They laughed at its two legs and pale, flesh-covered body. After all, they had four legs to support their huge, hairy bodies. The creature in the window stared out at them and thought to itself, "And man used to keep dogs as pets."

The Secret of my Success

PAUL EPSTEIN '55

I CANNOT write an English theme; nor is there a great possibility of my ever being able to do so.

Several years ago I received a glimmer of hope. My English master, after suffering through my first two papers, gave me a free lecture on the virtues of beginning with a bang. I went home, sat down at my desk, and took out pencil and paper. I wrote: "The most wonderful experience of my life was my trip to the White Mountains." My heart beat faster. It was perfect — concise, to the point, and compelling. I was, however, stymied. The following sentence in particular caused my instructor much consternation: "There on the mountainside stood a lodge and several cabins, where once there wasn't nothing." I just did not have a firm grasp on the King's or even the Queen's English.

Determined to conquer my weakness, I continued writing opening sentences — pages of them. I wrote dramatic opening sentences; logical opening sentences — all of them brilliant, inspired. The inspiration inevitably ended with these introductory masterpieces. I had enough thematic material to write several volumes, but when I tried to

develop it, I was left with a hopelessly jumbled labyrinth of words.

Even this frustration did not deter me. My logical mind observed that, since it was completing the papers that gave me so much trouble, I should start from the end and work backwards. With one of my brilliant opening sentences for moral support, how could I go wrong? It was easy. Try as I might, all I could do was begin and end my theme in a reasonable manner; but the ending didn't help much, no one would get that far "no-how."

After failing to write satisfactory English compositions for two months, I hit upon an infallible plan. My only trouble was writing; I had no trouble in telling a story orally. It was feasible, therefore, that if I dictated my theme to a recorder and copied down the playback, my worries would be over. With a machine borrowed from a friend, I put my scheme to the test. Success! At last my true genius reared its head to the tune of an "A+." Thanks to the marvel of the tape-recorder, my success has continued uninterrupted. As a matter of fact, that is how . . . that is how . . . that is hrrrgffft this paper was written.

A Moment of Relief

BARRIE D. BORTNICK, '56

POPULAR opinion has it that the life of the Latin School "Sixie" is a difficult one. The story of one such boy follows.

William Johnson was known as a "brain." Naturally, he became prominent in the Latin School: Teachers chose him to run errands; pupils chose him to "help" them with their homelessons; the Headmaster chose him as an office-boy. Although proud of these distinctions, he was given more to worry about, for William was the type of boy who is easily alarmed. Even if things went well, he spent much of his time "sweating" and fretting.

Thus, it can be understood why, when one morning he was awakened late, he was frightened. In the six months he had been at Latin School, he had never been tardy. Yet, after he had hurriedly dressed and swallowed a little food, it was already eight o'clock, and school began at eight twenty-five. With apprehensions about arriving late, losing his probation card, and staying an hour in detention, William rushed out to get on a bus. His hair was disheveled; his pants were milk-stained, and his lunch, packed carefully by his mother, was on his bureau. In his haste and confusion he had forgotten it.

Twenty-three minutes later, the "Sixie" dashed through a side door of Latin School. Just as the tardy bell rang, William, with flushed face and panting for breath, threw himself into his seat. He had made it!

No sooner had he taken off his coat and collected himself, than the master answered an inside telephone call. After a few moments, he hung up the receiver and looked at the class. "Johnson," said the master, pointing at our "Sixie," "go to the Office."

If he had suddenly been censured, William couldn't have been more surprised. "And yet," he thought, his hands trembling, "that could be just what's going to happen to me!"

His classmates did not fail to increase his anxiety. "Too bad, Johnson," one whispered.

"Nice knowing you, Johnson," grinned another.

Thus, a worried William Johnson made his way through the long corridors toward the Office. He was trying vigorously to recall a crime that he might have committed. "Per-

haps a master saw me running down the corridor," he thought. He put this possibility aside, however, as not important enough. "Maybe they found a mistake in my office work . . . No! They would wait till office hours to call me down. It must be much more serious; but what?" In all his musings, William never doubted that he had done something wrong. The unfortunate "Sixie" had known nothing but fear and anxiety; and at the moment, he was putting these neurotic characteristics to considerable use.

Finally, William, without any probable solution, reached the grim door. Taking a deep breath to calm himself, he entered the Headmaster's domain. With trembling voice, he told the secretary his name. She nodded, disappeared a moment, and returned with a small paper bag. "Your father brought your lunch a few minutes ago," she said, handing William the bag.

Although he was glad to see his lunch, he was even happier to learn that nothing serious was impending. "How silly for me to have worried!" he thought. "Everything turns out fine, no matter how much I worry." Yes! William resolved to take everything from then on in stride and look at the bright side of life.

As the "Sixie" was about to leave, the Headmaster entered. Newly acquired joy and determination were on William's face as he bade the big man good morning. The Headmaster, after looking at him for a moment, asked his name.

"William Johnson," replied the "Sixie" proudly.

"Where's your tie, Johnson?" asked the headmaster, glaring at him.

Cold sweat gathered on William's brow as he noticed for the first time that day he had forgotten to put on a tie.

"I — I forgot it, sir," he said in a tiny, terrified voice.

"That's no excuse. I'll have to give you two misdemeanor marks. What's your home-room, Johnson? — Johnson?"

However, William was not listening. He was thinking of the short moment of relief he had just experienced and how it would never, never come again.

True Story or, Crime Does Not Pay

WALTER MOSKALEW '56

HANDS in his pockets, Mike was strolling along a narrow downtown street. It was late afternoon, and many people were hurrying home from work. The street was jammed with cars; horns were blowing; paperboys were shouting. Mike turned the corner into a sidestreet, where there were several bookstores. He stopped at one; and while looking at the books in the window, something interesting caught his eye. He entered.

Nobody was in the bookshop except an elderly gentleman in one corner. Turning to the bookseller, Mike asked, "How much is that Caesar Interlinear out there?"

"Two dollars, son."

"I'll take it," said Mike after a while, putting the money on the table.

"What school are you going to?"

"Roxbury Latin," lied he.

"Are there many boys this year?"

"Not too many," he replied and, taking the book, hurriedly left the store.

■ In the growing darkness, red, green, and blue neon lights were flashing on and off as Mike hastened to a Subway station and took a train home.

* * * *

He had Latin first period. The class stopped chattering and fooling when the master—a tall man with gray hair and a stern, solemn mien—entered. Mike could see a resemblance between him and the gentleman in the bookshop. The master went up to his desk, opened the Latin book, and began: "Well, who needs a mark now? Let's see . . . ah . . ."; and, looking over the list of names, he called upon Mike to recite. As he translated the paragraph very well, he was told to go on. He continued. "Where did you get that sentence?" interrupted the teacher suddenly.

"Sir, . . ." muttered Mike and blushed.

"Let me see that book!" Mike brought it to the desk. "Well, nothing unusual about it; but . . . but there is something unusual

about you;" and, stressing the last word, he looked at Mike, who had lowered his eyes. "You are using a trot!" said he softly; yet his voice was firm and unbending.

"Sir, no."

"Don't lie!" he shouted, his voice reaching a climax. "I know that you are using a trot. What is more, I saw you in that store yesterday when you bought it."

"I . . . I was just using it as an aid. I . . ." and he stopped; for he knew that all was now lost.

"An aid, hm! But why do you get sentences into the translation that do not belong there?—I'll send you up to the Dean, and he will aid you with a censure. Sit down!"

For the rest of the period Mike sat staring at his Latin text. He was neither reading nor listening to what the teacher said. His thoughts were centered on the seven marks and the letter he was to take home to his father. His parents had promised to buy him a "bike" if he did well in school that month. "Here goes my approbation," murmured he, "and the bike and all . . ."

When the bell finally rang, the master told him to remain. When everybody had left, he came up to Mike and asked him: "How many marks did you get last month?"

"None."

"And last year?"

"None, sir."

"I will let it go for the first time. Bring me that translation tomorrow, and we'll forget about it; but, remember, don't ever get caught using a trot again. Now, hurry up to your next period; I'll give you a slip in case you're late."

Mike was overjoyed when he left the room. Up to that moment he had thought that all schoolmasters were merciless brutes, who enjoyed failing pupils and giving out misdemeanor marks. Now things had taken another turn. No, he would not risk getting caught again; why should he?

Alumni Profile: Ezekiel Cheever

ROBERT LISS, '55

BUFFETING the driving rain and wind, I made my way down the dimly lit street. A lone gas lamp at the far end of the street, and a ghostly moon cast grotesque shadows against the tall buildings that were on either side.

I was on a *Register* assignment. The "Chief" had told me to write a profile on Ezekiel Cheever. "Give it a new twist," he said. "Nobody wants to read boring biographies; so you'd better write it with a different angle." As a result, I decided to see Madam Navée, the spiritualist medium. It was said that, for a reasonable fee, she would make contact with the world of spirits. "What a deal!" I thought to myself. "If she could bring back 'Zeke' Cheever long enough for me to interview him!"

Number Seventy-three was Madam Navée's. Once inside, I took off my rain-soaked coat and climbed the rickety stairs to her second-floor apartment. After I had knocked at the door, a heavily made-up old lady opened the door. She hurried me to a seat at a long table and began her ritual. For several minutes she beseeched the spirits of the outer world to allow Ezekiel Cheever to pass from their domain. I began to wonder if I hadn't acted foolishly by coming when, at the far end of the apartment, there appeared the image of a man. His body was without substance. The white beard that grew from the old, wrinkled face left me no doubt as to who the visitor was. Ezekiel Cheever had come! I froze. Madam Navée whispered that I might question him before he had to return.

I swallowed heavily and spoke. "Mr. Cheever, I'm from the *Latin School Register*, and . . ."

"Ah, yes," he interrupted. "Fine school, that Boston Latin . . . Was Headmaster myself back in 1670 . . . till my dying day . . . fell dead at my desk . . . August 21, 1708; but I guess that was before your time, Sonny."

"Mr. Cheever," I continued, "could you tell me something about . . ."

"Fine school, that Latin school," he con-

tinued. "I liked it better than those down in New Haven . . . You know, Sonny, I started several schools in my day, yes, sir! When I began to teach back in 1638, that New Haven Free School was the only one of its kind in the entire colony . . . not like nowadays, when there are dozens of high schools. Look at Massachusetts Bay Colony. You have high schools all over the Commonwealth . . . Not like the old days down in New Haven; no, sir! I didn't stay in New Haven long; moved up to Ipswich . . . started a school there that became the most famous free school in the country. Gave me a reputation; yes, it did . . ."

"Mr. Cheever," I said, "about your stay at Latin school?"

"Latin school, Sonny? Well, I had been teaching at Charlestown, you know . . . made a name for myself there, before I moved over to Boston . . . Yes, sir; taught there for thirty-eight years. Then they made me Headmaster of the Free School . . . wasn't called the Latin School until 1790 . . . Wager you didn't know that, Sonny . . . Yes, sir; they founded the school in 1635, but didn't call it Latin School until 1790 . . . Paid me a good sum to be their Headmaster, too . . . Yes, sir; — sixty pounds a year. Quite a sum in those days."

"What about your childhood, Mr. Cheever? I understand that . . ."

"Well, now, what about that? I came over from England in 1637 . . . landed at Boston, but moved right down to New Haven . . . but I told you about that . . . I was born and raised in London . . . back in 1614 . . . yes, sir . . . "My father was a linen-draper; but that occupation wasn't for me . . . no, sir. I went to New Haven, where I made a name for myself. You probably don't know that I was Deacon of the first church in the Colony. Yes, I also served as a deputy to the General Court . . . That was back in 1646 . . . "The old man tugged softly at his beard. In spite of his stern look, his mellow eyes betrayed a soft gentleness.

Once more I spoke. "Mr. Cheever, our

history texts portray you as the father of Connecticut schoolmasters, the pioneer and patriarch of elementary classical education in New England, and . . ."

"Well, now, that's mighty generous of them." For the first time the old man smiled. "Can't say that they're exaggerating, though . . . Yes, sir . . . they're about right . . ."

The old man seemed to be fading away from view. "But wait, Mr. Cheever; I want to ask you some more questions." The old man didn't heed these words. He turned and disappeared.

The seance was over. I paid Madam Navée her fee and left. She thanked me gratefully and asked that I return again soon.

Once out in the street, I began to wonder about this strange man. Ezekiel Cheever had come from England at an early age to the infant colonies. He had established himself

as an earnest and firm schoolmaster in New England. Although he was a strict disciplinarian, the old Cheever had a fondness for his pupils.

Yet it was hard to believe that this man, the founder of many free schools throughout this area, the great educator and Headmaster of Latin School, had actually spoken to me. I knew that he had, but who else would believe me?

"The Chief will drop me from the staff if I ever hand him a story like this. I'd better hurry over to the library and find some information about Cheever." It had stopped raining, and the moon had broken through the cloudy sky. It must have been my imagination, but one of the clouds appeared as the form of an old man, stroking a long white beard. I turned from the doorway and hurried up the street.

City

DAVID S. SPIEL '56

The noonday sun shines overhead
As teeming crowds the sidewalks tread.
The people talk; the traffic blares,
While peddlers shout about their wares.

The bargain-seekers fill the stores
While salesmen pace the busy floors
And try to tell the doubting few
Of fabric, make, and good value.

The billowing clouds of factory smoke
Produce an endless hazy cloak,
To dull the sun's life-giving rays
And light the hopes for brighter days.

Time

ROBERT WEINER '56

O mighty one, could I but be
A tiny speck upon an endless sea,
Endowed with strength to conquer thee
And from thy grasping web be free!

No more a burden upon my soul,
I then were free to achieve my goal!
But woe is me forevermore:
Time, like waves, beats the endless shore.

Our Lords and Masters



EUGENE GABRIEL BRANCA

Teaches Math in 318 . . . Resides in West Roxbury . . . Married; has two boys . . . Degrees: M.I.T. B.S. (1931), M.S. (1932) in Engineering . . . Previously taught at Roslindale High School, School for Veterans, Boston Trade School . . . Military Service with Chemical Corps as Lt. Colonel for 8 years — now member of Reserve . . . Came to B.L.S. Feb. 1954 . . . Advice: Play the game square.

CAPTAIN EDWARD J. KELLEY

Military drill instructor . . . Born in Brighton; now resides in South Boston . . . Graduated from English '36 . . . U. S. Army Japanese Language School, '43; Artillery School, Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, '50 . . . Went overseas after Pearl Harbor . . . Combat on Guadalcanal, in the Philippines, at Bougainville . . . Decorations: Silver Star, Naval Presidential Citation, Philippine Presidential Citation, four Battle Stars, Combat Infantry Badge . . . Now Artillery Captain, Commanding Officer, Battery A — 180 F A, Massachusetts National Guard . . . Hobbies: drill teams and swimming . . . Advice: "Snap and precision at all times."



MR. JEROME WALSH

Teaches English in 219 . . . Resides in South Boston . . . Married — two girls . . . Degree in B.S., Seaton Hall . . . Previously taught St. Martin's College in Olympia, Wash. . . Military service: 2½ years in Navy . . . Hobby — reading . . . Advice — none . . . Comment — none.



Football

Latin Trimmed by Eastie in Jamboree

October 1, 1954

Unveiling the 1954 edition of the B.L.S. squad, the team fell on the short end of a 5-0 decision to East Boston. This fifteen-minute contest could hardly be called a true test of the Purple's ability.

After getting the kick-off, Eastie marched to their own 40, but was forced to punt. Latin could do nothing with the ball when it was in its possession and had to kick. The East Bostonites then scored on a 9-yard buck after they had marched forty-five yards on a sustained drive featured by a strong running attack.

The rest of the game was played on fairly even terms, with both teams punting often. Neither team had a good scoring opportunity. The strong lines of both elevens prevailed in the remaining minutes of the abbreviated game.

Frank Casey's play on both offense and defense labeled him as one of the city's best linemen. With his startling tackles and blocks, Joe Lucido, a Junior, is taking over where he left off last year.

The backfield was spirited by "Slash" Johnson, who did most of the running. Playing their last seasons, Dick Marshall and Charlie Battaglia strengthened the backfield. Dick Powers played well on defense.

Many of the Purple's linemen were starting their first game. Among them were John Martin, Bill Tobin, and Bill Parks.

Line-up: W. Parks, Block, *le*; Campanis, Grossman, *lt*; Martin, Troiano, Chambers, *lg*; Smith, Lucido, *c*; Casey, *rg*; Tobin, Leahy, *rt*; Donahue, Joyce, *re*; Levine, *qb*; Donovan, Carp, Battaglia, *lhb*; Franchi, Powers, *rhb*; Johnson, Marshall, *fb*.

B.L.S. Downs Dorchester

October 6, 1954

The Purple opened the regular season with a lopsided (24-6) victory over a strong Dorchester eleven. Fumbles and interceptions played an important part in Latin's scoring, setting up three of its four touchdowns.

After Bill Tobin's opening kick-off travelled sixty yards, Dorchester had the ball on its own twenty. After a series of penalties, the Red and Black found itself on the five and had to kick. Latin took possession on the 20 of Dorchester. "Slash" Johnson ran eleven, six, and three yards for the first score. Late in the first period Charlie Carp galloped forty-three yards to the seventeen, but Latin could not score.

Just before the half ended, Ed Leahy recovered a fumble on the D.H.S. 16, and Johnson scored on a one-yard buck a few plays later. At halftime, it was 12-0.

In the third period, John Joyce broke through the line and recovered a loose ball in Dorchester territory. Charlie Carp then made his second great run to cover twenty-eight yards and set up another T.D. The score came on an eight-yard pass play from Dick Levine to Ed Donahue.

After Dorchester had broken into the scoring column with an intercepted pass by John Kelley, Dick Powers made his first appearance at quarterback. On the first play, he completed a 53-yard pass to "Bobo" Gray. Clarence Rowan's interception on Latin's 43 set up the play.



Line-up: Block, Strom, J. Parks, Hartnett, *le*; Campanis, Whalen, Grossman, Piraino, Puc-
cia, Slovin, *lg*; Smith, Napier, Broaca,
Tacelli, *c*; Casey, Haynes, Martin, *rg*;
Rowan, Leahy, Tobin, Feitelberg, *rt*; Dona-
hue, Joyce, Yaffe, Herson, *re*; Levine,
Powers, Corvi, George, *qb*; Carp, Battaglia,
Donovan, *lhb*; Franchi, Conlon, McCool,
rhb; Johnson, Marshall, Gray, Brown, *fb*.

Looking Things Over

In this, the first game that counted, Latin outplayed the "Red and Black" throughout . . . Among the defensive stars for Latin were Clarence Rowan, Ed Leahy, and John Joyce . . . We have one of the strongest lines in the city; and in Conlon, Carp, and Johnson, the fastest backfield . . . Dick Powers' pass to "Bobo" Gray was one of the best plays ever seen by this reporter, and an indication that we are going to see a heap of passing from Powers this year.

Purple in Scoreless Tie with Eaglets

October 12, 1954

With the temperature near ninety, over five thousand watched two games in which our team played its best football. Latin and B.C. High both wasted scoring chances and played to a scoreless tie.

The teams, playing sluggishly, swapped fumbles and intercepted passes all afternoon. Latin once brought the ball to within eight yards of the B. C. High goal-line, but the

play was called back on a penalty.

After Latin had failed to score, B. C. High, with only a few minutes left, started to roll. On a sustained drive, the Eaglets marched all the way down to the Purple 10-yard line. Time ran out on them before they could attempt to score.

Latin's line looked good as they held the Eaglets scoreless. This was not a true

test of the Purple's offense, as the players seemed to be tight.

Joyce once again played a great game on defense. The Purple, anticipating a victory, was disappointed.

Line-up: Hartnett, Block, Joyce, *le*; Campanis, *lt*; Troiano, *lg*; Smith, Lucido, *c*; Casey, Chambers, *rg*; Rowan, Leahy, *rt*; Donahue, Strom, *re*; Levine, Battaglia, *qb*; Carp, Donovan, *lhb*; Franchi, Conlon, Gray, *rhb*; Johnson, Powers, *fb*.



Latin Tops Tech

October 22, 1954

Penalties, penalties, penalties — these words were probably running through the minds of all the Latins. If records on penalties were kept at White Stadium, they would have been broken in this game. The Purple came up with an 18-13 victory over the Technicians; but the score could have been something like 40-13.

After a scoreless first period, Emile Coulon took a hand-off from Dick Levine and raced fifty yards to the 12 of Tech. Dick Levine threw a ten-yard pass to Dave Block for the score.

The Purple scored again in the second period when John Smith intercepted a Technical pass and scored from forty yards out. Latin found its backs up against the wall in the same period, as Tech reached the two; but the Latins' line held, and there was no scoring.

The third period saw both teams exchanging points. Latin was continually losing yardage on penalties, as it had been from the start of the game. Latin tallied once in the

final quarter, with their final score coming on a brilliant 40-yard run by Emile Coulon.

Both of Tech's T.D.'s were four-yard plunges or slants that resulted after penalties on fumbles.

For the benefit of the statistically minded, the total yardage amassed against Latin in penalties was 132!

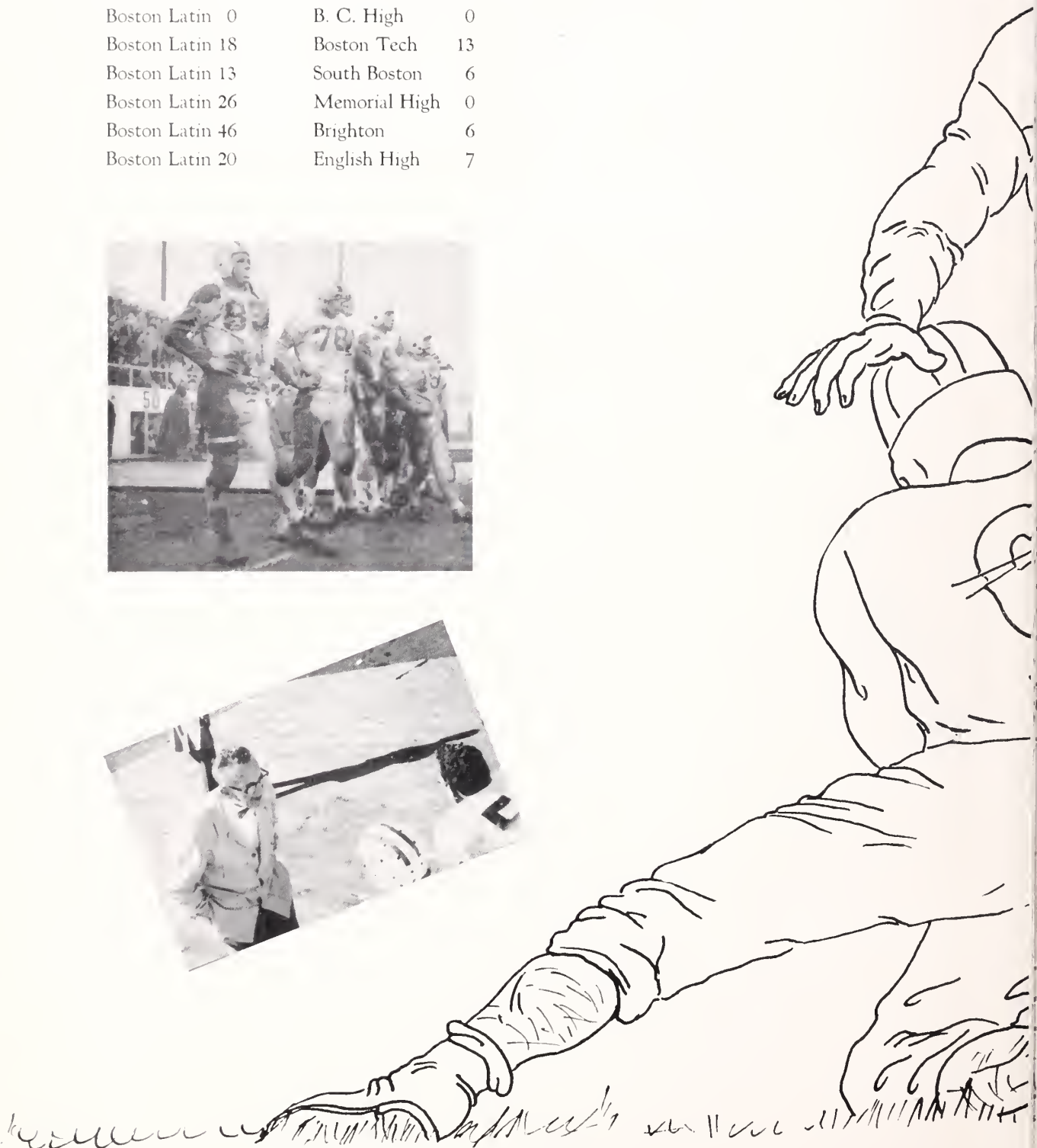
Line-up: Block, Hartnett, *le*; Grossman, Campanis, Leahy, *lt*; Troiano, Brown, *lg*; Smith, Lucido, *c*; Martin, Feitelberg, *rg*; Tobin, Piraino, Rowan, *rt*; Donahue, Joyce, *re*; Levine, *qb*; Coulon, Carp, Battaglia, *lhb*; Vieira, Donovan, Franchi, *rhb*; Johnson, Marshall, McCool, *fb*.

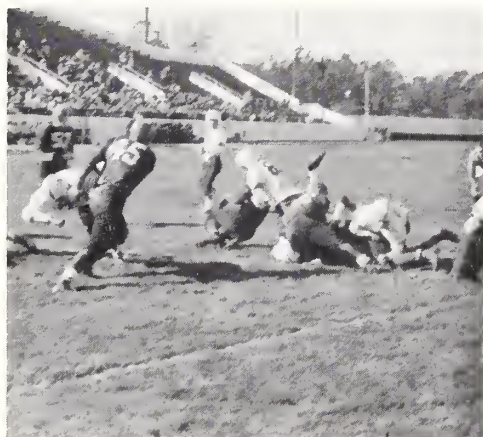
Roughing it up

Both teams wanted this one badly and left no doubt about their intentions by their hard play . . . One player from each team was thrown out of the game . . . Dick Levine showed improvement at quarterback and had excellent line support . . . Emile Coulon played his best game, averaging over ten yards a carry.

RECORD

Boston Latin 24	Dorchester High	6
Boston Latin 0	B. C. High	0
Boston Latin 18	Boston Tech	13
Boston Latin 13	South Boston	6
Boston Latin 26	Memorial High	0
Boston Latin 46	Brighton	6
Boston Latin 20	English High	7





Purple Upsets Southie

October 29, 1954

A spirited B.L.S. eleven handled South Boston its first defeat in twelve games. As in the B.C. High game, Latin played in bad weather, this time in rain and mud.

Dick Powers made his first start at quarterback and paced the Latin attack almost to perfection. With Powers' clever ball-handling, the Purple scored late in the first period on a 5-yard run by "Slash" Johnson as he took a pitch-out from Powers and swept around left end. This run climaxed a 48-yard march.

Southie, stymied by Latin's line, could not get out of its own territory until the fourth period. Latin's next T.D. came on a 75-yard sustained drive, and once again it was due to the phenomenal playing of Powers. Again it was Johnson who scored, this time on an eleven-yard dash through the left tackle position.

Late in the fourth period, Latin held a 13-0 edge and appeared to be on the way to shutting out Southie — a feat that has not been accomplished for several seasons.

South Boston recovered a fumble on Latin's 18 and, by the speedy running of Steve

George, took the ball down to the 4-yard line with just ten seconds left. It was fourth down, four yards for a T.D., and time for just play. Don Calnan, Southie's speedy left-halfback, carried the pigskin over and ruined the shutout. Final score: Latin-13; South Boston-6.

Line-up: Block, Hartnett, W. Parks, *le*; Grossman, Campanis, *lt*; Troiano, *lg*; Smith, Lucido, *c*; Casey, Piraino, *rg*; Tobin, Laehy, Rowan, *rt*; Donahue, Joyce, DiGanghi, *re*; Powers, *qb*; Coulon, Battaglia, *lhb*; Vieira, Franchi, *rhb*; Johnson, McCool, Marshall, *fb*.

Coaches' Comments

Both Latin and Southie coaches had some very interesting comments to make after the game. Coach Walter ("Pep") McCarthy said that we not only clicked as a unit, but we did not fumble in all that rain and mud. He had nothing but words of praise for his brilliant quarterback, Dick Powers. Southie's coach stated that Latin was 50 per cent better than at any time all year. Latin had 23 first downs to Southie's 3.

Latin Trounces Memorial

November 10, 1954

Despite the cheerleaders, trumpeters, and drummers of Memorial, Latin handed them their fifth loss after upsetting Tech. All of Latin's scoring came in the first half. The second half was a battle of punts, fumbles, and interceptions.

The Purple opened the scoring on a six-yard pass from Dick Powers to Harry Vieira after Latin had recovered a fumble on Roxbury's 32.

Emile Coulon then racked up T.D.'s two and three for Latin on runs of twenty-four and five yards respectively. A 35-yard pass play from Powers to Vieira set up the second of Coulon's touchdowns.

Early in the second period, Charlie Battaglia received a punt on his own 24 and scooted seventy-six yards, but unfortunately a clipping penalty called him back. Dick Marshall then ran twenty-seven yards into the end-zone, but once again a penalty nullified the play. Finally, Marshall had to go forty-eight yards for the score to make it 26-0. After that, neither team could get moving.

Powers continued his great job as quarterback; Coulon again played a great game; and the line was superb, both on offense and defense. Dick Marshall played his best game, and Harry Vieira gave Latin assurance that

he would help to complete a great backfield next year. Levine, Coulon, Johnson, and Vieira will all return. In Casey, Troiano, Grossman, Lucido, and Tobin, we have one of the strongest lines in recent years.

Line-up: Block, Hartnett, W. Parks, Herson, Strom, *le*; Grossman, Leahy, Whalen, Campanis, *lt*; Troiano, Haynes, Puccia, Slovin, *lg*; Smith, Lucido, *c*; Casey, Chambers, Martin, *rg*; Tobin, Rowan, Piraino, *rt*; Donahue, Joyce, Giganghi, Yaffe, J. Parks, *re*; Powers, Levine, George, Corvi, *qb*; Coulon, Battaglia, Carp, *lhb*; Vieira, Franchi, Pareira, *rhb*; Johnson, McCool, Marshall, *fb*.



Purple Mauls Brighton

November 17, 1954

Dick Powers led Latin to a lopsided 46-6 victory over a definitely outclassed Brighton eleven in preparation for the Thanksgiving Day classic with E.H.S. boys across the street. Again the slick ballhandling of Powers and the running of Johnson, Coulon, and Carp together with a hard-charging line, led by Frank Casey were too much for the opposition.

Powers not only called the signals, but he also scored two touchdowns and passed for another. Both of Powers' T.D.'s came in the third period after he had completed a 35-yard aerial to "Bobo" Gray in the second. Emile Coulon scored in the first quarter and kicked three extra points.

"Slash" Johnson scored twice in the second period on a sensational 55-yard gallop from scrimmage, and then on a play that covered nine yards.

With a comfortable 39-0 lead late in the fourth period, Charlie Carp, in a safety position, received a Brighton punt on his own 15.

Aided by tremendous blocking, he raced all the way for the Purple's last score.

Brighton's only T.D. came in the final quarter, when Frank Tunnera bucked his way over from the one-yard line after Latin had held for three downs.

This victory brings Latin into their annual contest with English sporting a record of five wins and one tie.

The B.L.S. coaches did not take the game lightly, but Brighton played without the services of one of its best linemen and of its punter. Latin's blocking, a key factor, was spectacular.

Line-up: Block, DiGanghi, W. Parks, Herson, *le*; Grossman, Rowan, Campanis, *lt*; Troiano, Martin, Pereira, Chambers, *lg*; Smith, Lucido, Napier, Tacelli, Broaca, *c*; Casey, Kelley, Puccia, *rg*; Tobin, Piraino, Feitelberg, Whalen, *rt*; Donahue, J. Parks, Joyce, Hartnett, Strom, Yaffe, *re*; Powers, Levine, *qb*; Coulon, Gray, Corvi, Marshall, *lhb*; Vieira, McCool, Brown, Battaglia, *rhb*; Johnson, Carp, George, *fb*.

Hail, City Champs! Purple Trims English

November 27, 1954

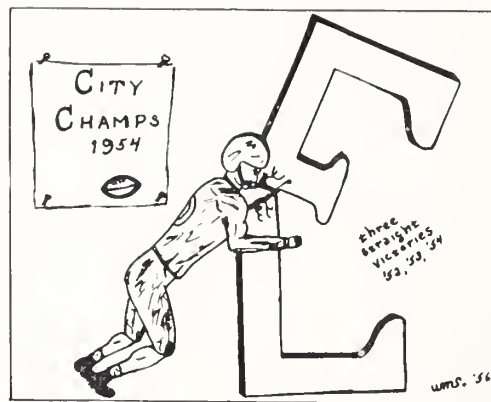
B.L.S. finished the regular season undefeated, as it came from behind to crush unbeaten English, 20-7, in a game at Harvard Stadium, postponed from Thursday to Saturday morning because of rain. It was the first time in the long series that the game was not played on Thanksgiving Day.

Early in the first quarter English punted to the Latin 1-yard line. Emile Coulon gave Latin its first first-down by taking the ball to the 14. The Purple gained only three yards on the next series of downs from scrimmage; and, on fourth down, the Blue-and-Blue recovered the ball on Latin's 7, the result of a bad pass from center. English was held on four plays by Latin's charging line, led by Frank Casey and Bill Parks.

After B.L.S. had been forced to punt from deep in its own territory, E.H.S. took over on the 26 and penetrated as far as the 5. The drive was stopped when Frank Rowan intercepted a fourth-down pass and brought it to the Latin 11. The Purple then started to move and, on long runs Emile Coulon and "Slash" Johnson, reached its own 40. English, however, recovered a fumble and once again had the ball in front of Latin's goalpost. Latin's line once more denied E.H.S. a score as it stopped the Blue on the 17. The remainder of the first half saw the ball change hands several times; and, thanks to the great punting of Ed Donahue, Latin survived without yielding a T.D. At half-time it was a scoreless ball game.

English started strong in the second half, as Ferdinand Beckett carried from his own 35 to the 30 of B.L.S. The Blue-and-Blue scored the first T.D. six plays later on a three-yard line buck by Norm Chaban, capping a 65-yard drive. After English scored the point-after by an end run, Latin trailed, 7-0.

The Latin squad refused to lose their spirit. Donahue's long punt put back the Blue-and-Blue on their own 3. They could not advance very far, and the complexion of the game changed as Charlie Battaglia ran an intercepted pass back to the 35 of English. Dick Powers then took charge as he completed a pass to Johnson on the 9. After gaining eight yards in three plays, Johnson scooted one yard for Latin's first score. When



the Purple failed to make the point-after, the count stood E.H.S.-7, Latin-6 after three periods.

With just one point separating the two teams, the Latinites took the ball on their own 40 after receiving a punt. Harry Vieira galloped twenty yards to the opposite 40. Dick Marshall drove to the 34; Pete Franchi caught a pass from Powers and, with the help of a key block by Dave Block, carried it to the 6. On the next play Coulon took a hand-off from Powers and was about to go over when the ball was knocked out of his hands. It rolled into the end-zone, and Bob Grossman fell on it for the T.D. Emile Coulon kicked the extra point, making the score Latin-13, English 7.

Bill Tobin's kickoff put the Blue on their own 8. On the second play from scrimmage, there was a fumble in the English backfield. Vince DiGangi recovered the ball in the end-zone for the final tally of the game, and Dick Powers rushed the extra point. The Purple led, 20-7, with about nine minutes left to play.

Latin stopped another drive when Bill Parks recovered a fumble on the English 38. The Purple's defense sparkled the rest of the game, and the contest ended as Latin marched to the English 10.

Line-up: Block, Parks, Hartnett, *le*; Grossman, Rowan, Leahy, *lt*; Troiano, Martin, Vangel, *lg*; Smith, Lucido, Broaca, *c*; Casey, McCool, *rg*; Tobin, Piraino, *rt*; Donahue,

DiGangi, Joyce, *re*; Powers, Levine, Corvi, *qb*; Coulon, Battaglia, Carp, *lhb*; Vieira, Franchi, *rhb*; Johnson, Marshall, Brown, *fb*.

The Round-Up

By finishing the season without a defeat and only one tie, the Purple clinched the City Championship . . . Dazzling performances

were turned in by Charlie Battaglia, Bill Parks, and Frank Case. Dick Powers has developed into one of the outstanding quarterbacks in the city . . . B.L.S. now trails the Blue-and-Blue by only one game in the annual grid classic. English has won 28; Latin, 27; and there have been 13 ties.

Soccer

In the sixth year of its existence, the Latin School soccer team was as good as previous squads. In spite of the loss of Co-Captain Bennett, a big group of enthusiastic soccer-men — sparked by Co-Captains Budginas and Russman, Ozols, Strock, and Leonavicius — developed into a well-co-ordinated outfit.

The Purple started its season with a somewhat disappointing loss, 5-3, to Medford. In the next game the strong Browne & Nichols team defeated Latin, 5-3.

Then tables started to turn, however, when the Purple and White downed the Wilson A.C., 3-2, and romped over Medford with a 3-0 victory. Medford's attempt to win the next game was crushed 2-0.

Playing with only ten men, the B.L.S. booters started the last game of the season against Roxbury Latin. The first three

quarters ended scoreless. In the last period, however, Roxbury scored a lone goal, which proved enough to win; for, although Latin tried hard for a tie, the team did not succeed. Final score: Roxbury L.S. 1; B.L.S. 0.

It was a great loss to the team when Co-Captain Barry Russman broke his wrist and was unable to play. Yet, despite this handicap and the fact that all our opponents had many second-stringers to take the place of tired players, the young BLS squad — often playing with a bare minimum eleven men — completed a good season.

Line-up: Collias, *g*; Walsh, *fb*; Strock, *fb*; Moskalew, *lh*; Ozols, *ch*; Teebagy, *rh*; Russman, *lw* (*Co-captain*); Galins, *li*; Budginas *cf* (*Co-Capt.*); Leonavicius, *ri*; Dussik, *rw*.

Alternates: Kronitis, *fb*; Borenstein, *fb*; Theodore, *rh*; Locke, *rh*; Hogan, *lh*; Miller, *lh*; Berger, *rw*; Pease, *lw*.

Cross-Country

This year's cross-country team started out to be very promising, but injuries to Bob Holtz and Bob Doherty lowered its chances for success. Among the outstanding Seniors were Captain "Duke" Eagan, Jim Healy, Jack Dailey, and Walt Faggett. Art Cahn and Bob Doherty led the Juniors.

In the Boston City Meet, on October 8, Latin placed Number Five. The meet was won by Bob Holtz, who, after running in one other meet, sprained his ankle. His time was 14: 21. Jack Dailey finished fourth; "Duke" Eagan, fifth; Frank Cummings, sixth; and Jim Healy ended up in the ninth position. Tech won the meet with twenty-six points, and Latin finished a close second with thirty-one.

In the cross-country meet held on October 26, which is popularly known as the "Duck-Race," a Latinite came in first and another drew up in last place. The winner was John Griffin, who received for his prize a white

duck. A turtle was given to the last-place contestant.

The Purple finished second in the Reggies and ninth in the State Meet. Jack Dailey was the first to finish for Latin in the State Meet. Both of these contests were won by English, which represented Massachusetts in the New England finals.

Looking ahead to next year, we find some excellent prospects. Among the Sophomores and Freshmen who were on the squad this year, Ed Anthony, Billy Schawbel, Joe LeMarre, Al Fraticelli, Chris Karimbokis, and Bob Underwood are the most promising. The only one of these who ran in the State Meet is LeMarre. All meets held this year were at White Stadium.

Credit should be given to Cliff Rowan and Tom Marre of English, and Joe Carey of Tech, who aided Charlie Fitzgerald in training the team.

EDITORIALS

What Causes Juvenile Delinquency?

Every year many thousands of juveniles get into serious trouble. Every year many *millions* of juveniles do not get into trouble!

How can the number of juvenile delinquents be decreased? Simply by uprooting the causes of juvenile delinquency. The easiest way to stop juvenile delinquency is to spot it and prevent it before it even has a chance to start. The parents, the school, and the community are in the most strategic positions to spot and to prevent juvenile delinquency. If the parents, the school, and the community do not help a child along, their neglect is a cause of juvenile delinquency.

The home gives the child the security, the training in the ways of life and the principles of behavior essential to social living. The home is the keystone of communal organization, for it is in the home that the twig is bent. A death in the family, a divorce, a prolonged illness, constant moving, neglect of the child by the parents — these are some factors which cause juvenile delinquency.

A child's lack of any of the following essentials may cause juvenile delinquency through a feeling of inferiority: the AFFECTION he deserves as a child; a FEELING OF SECURITY; sufficient TIME AND COMPANIONSHIP with elders, especially parents; participation in FAMILY PLANNING, EMOTIONAL STABILITY, which results from a parent's calmness, humor, and consistency toward him; A TOLERANT VIEW toward persons of other cultures and creeds; the SEEKING of expert assistance from elders. A lack of any of these essentials may lead to juvenile delinquency.

The school competes with the home for the amount of time spent with each child; and if the teachers cannot locate behavior abnormalities in a child, this child may become a juvenile delinquent. Co-operation between the home and the school is essential.

If the community does not supply sufficient recreational facilities, a child may tend toward juvenile delinquency. As soon as juvenile delinquency is mentioned, one thinks of slum districts. Not all juvenile delinquents come from slum districts. It is true, however, that the environmental factor of a slum district can influence a child greatly in the direction of juvenile delinquency; but this circumstance does not mean that all children in a slum district become juvenile delinquents.

If the above-mentioned causes of juvenile delinquency can be uprooted, we may be able to say, "Every year a small number of juveniles get into some kind of serious trouble . . ."

Ethics in Education

During our Junior and Senior years, we have bowed down to one piece of cardboard for which we have studied assiduously for six years. We have learned to spout authoritatively that Rufus King received 34 electoral votes in the election of 1816, that "reussir" takes 'à' while "demander" takes 'de,' that the dative plural of this noun is irregular and the genitive of that adjective is i-stem.

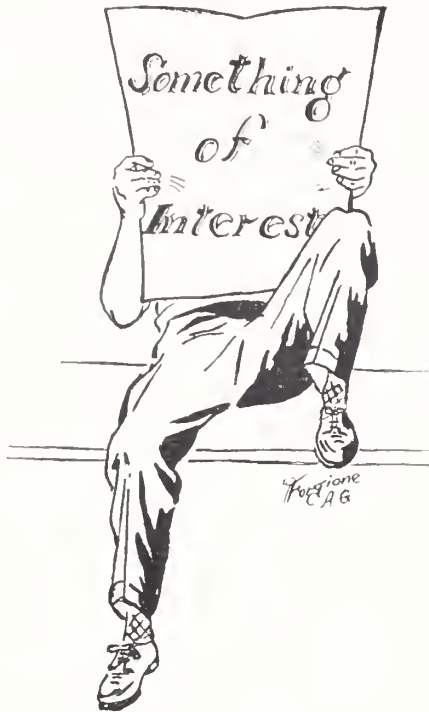
After we have paid our dues for our extra-curricular activities and contributed both to the welfare of the clubs and ourselves, we leave them. Everything we have accomplished in the school has been done for that one master whose throne is the Office Filing Cabinet. Hail to Thee, O Summary Record Card, upon which we have written our true, unadulterated characters; our deep devotion to learning; and our personalities, which we and Thou have molded during these years!

Of course, studying and expanding interests are not wrong in themselves; but when our every motion and activity is guided by the effect it will have upon a Dean of Admissions, it becomes nothing but a burlesque — not only on education, but on ourselves.

Compulsory intellectual curiosity is ludicrous! It defeats its purpose. It weakens our integrity. It confounds our intelligence.



Merry
Christmas



The following letter was received by the Register staff. It is really "something of interest . . ."

Philadelphia, Pa., 16 - September - 1954
Dear Sir,

My grandson attends the Central High School of Philadelphia. He brought home to me a copy of *The Register* (final, June '54) which you sent to *The Mirror*. Being extremely interested in education in the United States, I took the trouble to read the organ of the country's oldest public high school. It is an excellent publication. I was especially struck by the three poems which I found contained therein: *Forlorn* by Armando Lo Conte '54, *Hands* by Allan Fisch '55, and *Ebb Tide* by Nathaniel Leff '55. They show a deepness of feeling, unusual in young men of their age. I hope you will give these fine gentlemen my sincerest commendation and fondest hopes for their future success.

Yours truly,
M. Bart Goldman

Former Professor of Semantics and Philology, Heidelberg University; Bruder, Deutsche Academie Philosophen, Doktor von Semantische Philologie.

NORMAN PATZ, '55

For the most part, the arrival of new teachers, either temporary or permanent, goes unnoticed by all except those who have them as masters. We feel these new men deserve a welcome from the *Register*. We would greet these new masters to Latin School and wish them success: Captain Edward Kelly, Messrs. Walter J. Casey, Herbert J. Hohmann, Leo G. Holmes, Vincent F. Jackmauk, Joseph O'Brien, Daniel E. Ryan, and Jerome Walsh.

* * * *

Did you know that . . . Latin School had been open to students seeking a classical education for 141 years before this country's independence was declared . . . B.L.S. has graduated five men who later became Representatives to Congress; three Harvard presidents; and seven ministers or ambassadors to foreign countries . . . Benjamin Franklin stayed in Latin School for only one year.

* * * *



Latin School's taste in popular music was demonstrated again this year when Bob Liss, Al Lipton, Mel Kizner, Jay Fox, and Eddie Goldstein represented the school at Bob Clayton's WHDH Record Poll. Friday afternoon, November 5. The special guest on the show was Miss Jane Froman, with whom the boys had a highly interesting and enlightening conversation. The results of the poll, taken among members of Classes I and II were, in first place, "The Bandit," in second, third, and fourth places, respectively, "the Sandman," "I Spoke Too Soon," and "Bazoom."

On Friday, November 19, the Seniors of the Debating Club presented the first debate of the year to members of Classes I and II; the subject, "Resolved: that metropolitan Boston be administered under a central government."

Taking the affirmative side were Arnold Coran and Robert Liss; the negative, Bernard Arthur Geller and Alan Clayton. Herman Savitz was moderator.



This year's Senior elections got off to a roaring start (literally) as the nomination papers were handed out by Mr. Dunn on Thursday, October 21. Owing to the large number of candidates, especially for Class Committee, Seniors who had not filled their quota of signatures were decidedly scarce two hours later. Then came the electioneering signs — not ordinary signs, but clever inventions in pictures and words. Posters displayed quotes from famous speeches or movies; one depicted the Schweppesman; another was an actual copy of the *Daily Worker*; another blinked on and off until put out permanently by a blown fuse. "Never before had the battle been so rugged," said old observers. "No problem of voter apathy

here!" . . . Then came the election, held November 2 (a well-planned coincidence); and the crowd of interested Seniors, milling about outside the library, read these results: David Rosenthal, *President*; John Dobbyn, *Vice-President*; Robert Watkins, *Secretary-Treasurer*; *Class Committee* — John O'Connor (*Chairman*), "Stubby" Altmeyer, Tom Joseph, "Chuck" Dixon, and John Bennett.

* * * *

Erratum — We would like to call to your attention an omission made in the names of members of the Register Executive Board in the Latin-English football program. The name of Donald Watson was missing.

* * * *

The first Public Declamation of the year took place November 5, 1954, with Classes V and VI in attendance. Those participating were Kevin Michael McGrath of Class VI; David Brook Pauley, Charles Lawrence Korb, and Neal Kozodoy of Class V; Donald Richard Friary and Ian Cameron MacDonald, Class IV; Mark Jay Mirsky and David Kozodoy, Class III; Arthur Henry Martin and Edward Haven Pauley of Class II; and John Francis Dobbyn, Bernard Arthur Geller, and Conrad Theodore Donovan of the Senior Class. By glancing at the program, you might have observed two brother combinations held forth.

* * * *

So far, the Senior Class has been afforded many chances to decide to which college(s) to apply. Speakers from Bentley, Boston College, Bowdoin, Brandeis, and Harvard have been kind enough to come to the Latin School to explain requirements and possibilities.

It is with great sorrow that we report the sudden death of
our greatly beloved master of mathematics,
Mr. Michael D'Amelio, on December twelfth.

Requiescat in Pace

Alumni Notes

ROBERT LISS '55

Professor Frank Martin Snowden, '28, became the first Negro appointee to a major American Embassy in Europe (Italy). The Franklin medal winner at B.L.S. and *cum Laude* graduate from Harvard will leave his post as Professor of Classics at Howard University to assume his new post. Snowden is no novice in the field of Italo-American relations. In addition to being an accomplished professor in the field of classical literature (he studied in Rome under the Fulbright Plan), Snowden successfully conducted lectures dealing with the situation of the American Negro for the State Department's International Information Service throughout Italy. As cultural attache to the United States Embassy in Rome, Snowden's immediate superior will be Ambassador Claire Boothe Luce.

The department of radiology at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine of the Yeshiva University has announced the appointment of Dr. Milton Elken, '32, to the chairmanship. Dr. Elken, now associate radiologist at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles, will also serve as Director at the new Bronx Municipal Hospital Center.

The former general counsel of the Federal Security Agency, Herbert Wilton Beaser, '30, recently joined the United States Subcommittee Investigating Juvenile Delinquency. Beaser has served for many years in the executive branch of the Federal Government, aiding Mrs. Eleanor D. Roosevelt at the United Nations at three sessions of the Commission on Human Rights, and later serving as her adviser on health, welfare and educational matters.

David Berry, '45, was the recipient of a six-hundred-dollar award given by the "Aids to Cancer Research." Berry, a student at the dental school of Harvard University, was presented with the check by Dean Roy O. Greep, also of the school of dental medicine.

In the field of popular music, Jerry Diamond, '48, and former captain of the Latin track team, has recently joined the staff of

Radio Station WHDH. The promising young singer is entertaining locally and making records for demonstration purposes. Watch for him!

The Undeclared War, by William L. Langer, '12, has been awarded a Bancroft Prize by Columbia University. The former instructor of history at Harvard University is the present Executive Director of the National Security Council. *The Undeclared War* was published by Harper and Brothers. It is the second of an eight-volume series on American foreign policy before and after the Second World War.

Sumner Rodman, '30, has been elected vice-president of the Boston Chapter of Chartered Life Underwriters. He is a member of the National Committee on Life Underwriter Education and Training, and of the 1954 Million Dollar Round Table of the National Association of Life Underwriters.

Once again Leonard Bernstein, '35, is in the news. The *Atlantic Monthly* (November) ran an interesting series of letters between Bernstein and an anonymous friend in which the two discussed the composer's plans to write either a symphony or a musical comedy. In the final letter, Bernstein decided that a musical comedy would be a better undertaking, and he is now writing one, entitled "Reuben, Reuben." Recently he has made a guest appearance on the television show, *Omnibus*, and discussed the first movement of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. He had the orchestra play selections, as they had been originally drafted by the composer, and then showed how successive alterations in the composition finally evolved into what became the finished masterpiece.

Student leadership of the Harvard Band was entrusted during the halves of the Harvard-Yale football game to Arnold H. Aronson, '52. During the coming year, the 171-piece, organization now in its 36th year, will deliver some 30 concerts, tours, and recordings, under Aronson's direction.



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

D. LYONS
W. MORGAN

Sept. 9: Oh, well, another summer vacation gone before it had a chance to get started. *C'est la vie.*

Sept. 10: It seems that some changes have been made at B.L.S. — new sidewalks. **SPLENDID!**

Sept. 13: Flash! The headlines you saw in such papers as the *New York Times* and the *Dorchester Record* were true. 301 was tied this year in the Loyalty Fund Derby; but the master of 301 took it with a grain of salt — i.e., as if it were in an open wound.

Sept. 14: At last I have positive proof that I am at last a Senior. I face the other classes in the gym period.

Sept. 15: Attention, Class VI. You have only 800, 628, 478, 321 seconds until the Scholastic Aptitude Test. And you boys in Class V had better not be too happy, either; you have only 650, 321, 088 seconds left. Better start studying, studying, studying.

Sept. 16: Mr. Dunn spoke to the Seniors for the first time this year. Setting the mood, he wore dark glasses. All the Seniors felt so happy about their chances of getting into college that it has been suggested that, instead of *America*, Chopin's *Funeral March* be sung.

Sept. 17: The Music Appreciation Club met today. Membership dropped from seventy-seven to three when it was learned that Symphony Sid was not an acceptable source of records.

Sept. 20: Overheard in physics class:

Student (reading aloud): "If the object to be weighed has a density of 4.736 and it is immersed in a beaker of copper sulphate solution so that the liquid displaced equals one third pi times the square of the density divided by the mass and . . . Sir, isn't today unprepared?"

Sept. 21: If you haven't gotten anything else from the I-Q tests, you probably have learned to make rubber.

Sept. 22: In *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a boy was guilty of an unpardonable sin: he was verbose, wordy, prolix, redundant.

Sept. 23: On the bus Ye RRR noticed all the boys who, getting on, had set the example. Maybe they like standing.

Sept. 24: As part of the recent "Draft Ansel" movement, many BLS boys were thinking of inviting this great man to our school. They would then take him into a warm room and open all the windows. If this wouldn't draft Ansel, nothing would.

Sept. 27: Overheard in physics class: Teacher: "When Archimedes leaped from the bath shouting, 'Eureka, I've found it,' what did he mean?"

Student: "The soap!"

Sept. 28: To all boys interested in University of South Dakota, the R.R.R. would like to say that, besides having a course in spelling, their alfalfa-raising is fabulous.

Sept. 29: Who says that standards of *ours* are going down? Why, I've never seen more "Marlboros" or "Herbert Tareytons" smoked anywhere.

Sept. 30: Got back a history test. With tears

- flowing and obvious emotion, our master told the class why most of us did poorly. It was sad.
- Oct. 1: Today is Tie Day. Farewell to plunging necklines.
- Oct. 4: The N.R.O.T.C. officers were here. Caution: if you plan to take the physical, you have to be a perfect specimen. Remember: if your toenails aren't the required three-eighths of an inch, you're out.
- Oct. 5: *Ye RRR* wants to round up and scrutinize goldfish he can find. Send your scrutinized goldfish to ANTI-VERBOSE GOLDFISH LEAGUE, PROLIX, MASS.
- Oct. 6: Accompanied by cries of "Dirty Politics" one candidate for Class Committee was seen furtively handing out stogies.
- Oct. 7: Class Rings came. In accordance with latest fashions, Seniors' wallets have adopted the "flat look."
- Oct. 8: Question: Have members of the phys-ed department been taking a course in aesthetics?
Reason for Question (Overheard in the Dungeon): "We're proud of our uniform. If you wear green socks with your purple trunks, you'll spoil the whole effect."
- Oct. 12: Good old Columbus. Too bad it didn't take him longer to discover America, perhaps a week or ten days.
- Oct. 13: Marks ended with a bang. You could hear many short guns go off.
- Oct. 19: Attention, all boys who have designs of getting to Mr. Finn's house and are afraid they might miss the red light on his roof. *Ye RRR* knows a reliable pathfinder who claims he can get you there.
- Oct. 20: A great blow for baseball scouts who are trying to encourage youngsters to become big-leaguers. Marilyn left him. Well, anyway, I'm happy, maybe.
- Oct. 21: Among the many songs to receive votes, *Ye RRR* was surprised to learn that "My Old Kentucky Home" was very popular as a novelty tune.
- Oct. 22: Today was nomination signing and name-calling day.
- Oct. 25: Underclassmen: Don't let the bright lights fool you; it's still the third floor illuminating the rest of the building.
- Oct. 27: Primary Day: A certain master was shocked to find that none of his *better boys* were running. Well, well; another example of this indifferent age.
- Oct. 28: *Overheard in 208:*
"Not trying to be biased, but DON'T you think it would be better if the REPUBLICANS had won? Hm-m-m?"
(Guess who is being quoted.)
- Oct. 29: The assembly before Hallowe'en was held. Since no mention was made, the man who sold inflammable garments and masks has closed his shop. TSK, TSK! And he was doing so well.
- Nov. 1: In an effort to start the month off right, the RRR has decided to say nothing.
- Nov. 3: The BLS election results were made known. To the winners, our congratulations. To the loser, I say; you can't do more than try — except, of course, win.
- Nov. 4: In "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
Today's scene
Little Eva: "And as Thomas Jefferson said —" (Buzzer rings.)
- Nov. 5: If you think the songs of the radio were hep, you should have heard what really won. But I guess you never will, because the boys on the poll couldn't quite read what had won, so they had to supply the missing letters, and they did.
- Nov. 8: If parents are coming tonight, can trouble be far behind?
- Nov. 9: *Teacher:* "Are you trying to run the class? Is that why you're always interrupting?"
Tyrone: "No, Sir."
Teacher: "Then why are you talking like an idiot?"
- Nov. 10: What unchivalrous physics master prohibited several fair damsels from across the street to sit in on one of his classes (strictly in the interests of science)? For shame!
- Nov. 11: Veterans' Day: When they say *veteran*, does that include boys on Corridor Patrol?
- Nov. 12: In French you always say, "*Il parle bas*" and not "*Il parle doucement*." I guess this rule applies even when Liberace is in town.
- Nov. 15: Dean Bender spoke to those Seniors interested in Harvard. At two o'clock Mr. Dunn was swamped with requests for applications to Basket-Weaving U. and the Navajo School of Alfalfa-Farming.
- Nov. 16: *Ye RRR* really racked in the Health Test. Good thing I turned the edge of my paper so that it could reach the bottom stair.
- Nov. 18: DEADLINE: — Why should the item under this date be an exception?

The Fearless Four

WILLIAM F. SEEGRABER '56

HAS your ambition in life been to win a contest? If you answer "Yes," read on and you may achieve your goal; if you answer "No," read on and you may start the flame of endeavor flickering.

— Rules —

I In each of the next two issues of the *Latin School Register* one "Fearless Four" will be published. Each will contain short descriptions of four famous B.L.S. masters.

II All "Fearless Fours" must be saved. When they have been completed, they must be sent with answers and a 382,059 word composition (no more, no less) on "Why I Dig Symphony Sid" to

Box 37692674836

M.I.T. (Madagascar Institute of Technology),

East Salamander,

Madagascar

III As identification, enclose the motto of the A.O.A. (If you don't know the name of this organization, you don't belong in B.L.S. — or G.L.S., for that matter) to settle any tie that may result.

IV Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 25, 1959.

V Judges will be selected by a vote of the student body on December 24, 1959.

VI Four prizes will be awarded. Fourth prize: a free daily lunch at Scheff's for the duration of your sojourn at B.L.S. Third prize: a map of Boston Latin School and vicinity, showing tunnels to Scheff's and

Girls' Latin. The remaining prizes will be announced in a future issue.

And now, on with the Contest! The first "Fearless Four" will consist of four members of our Latin Department.

(1) I dwell on the third floor. Hmmm . . . What would you say if a bus-driver turned to you and said . . . hmmm . . . , "What is the State motto of New Mexico?" Hmmm . . . You had better learn it . . . hmmm . . . because you might be on a quiz program and . . . hmmm . . . get that question asked you. Hmmm . . . My name is . . .

(2) What, you mean to say that you don't have *Cicero* in Class Six? But what will my boys do? We're done with *Ritchie* and *Caesar*. Of course, I am known by my fast Latin course. My name is . . .

(3) We dwell on the third floor in the corner. We know Latin is hard, but we want all homelessons done, not copied while we read it. We will now continue to read. Our name is . . .

(4) I dwell two floors under Number Three. Pardon me while I close the door; the noise bothers me. I have only one dislike concerning my classes. Pardon me while I open the door; it's too quiet in here. Now, where was I? Ah, yes; I dislike the look of anticipation that sweeps over my pupils when I lean back in my chair. My name is . . .

There, you now have the first "Fearless Four." Remember you may win a free daily lunch at Scheff's. Do not walk but run to your homeroom teacher in eager anticipation of the next issue of the *Register*.



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